

Repossessed

We are moving to this house out in the country with nothing on either side of it but dirt and weeds and whatever small things can hide. The poor people who originally lived there, went under. So the savings & loan said: sorry, no money, no house, no two acres. And they took it back.

We came along looking for something we could afford, and this had to be it. The place was filthy from ceiling to floor, as if the original owners had taken out their financial fury on the heart of the house. But they wrecked it just enough to lower the price to our level. God, I thought, is this the capitalist in me? But no one is in the house now. Only spiders are there who have spun a million webs where the mosquitos and moths are caught. And outside, some chickens running around wild and frightened.

So I said, let's get it. And we did. Tomorrow we're going out to mop the place and scrub the walls and put our own paint on it. We will get caught in our own webs, thankyou. Pray for us.

Harry

I met Harry when he was fifty-eight and I was thirty-one. He talked and recited a lot. He also smoked and wheezed. And he fell in love, all the while continuing to talk and recite, smoking and wheezing, giving you his heart and mind. I think you would like him too.

Ernest Hemingway Is On My Mind

Ernest Hemingway is on my mind. I think he was a big man and pretty good at writing. I think he lived as big as he was because if he slowed down he might have run over himself. I think he turned around only once.